wit will make vſe of any thing; I will turne diſeaſes to commoditie.

Enter th' Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Biſhop Thus haue you heard our cauſe, and knowne our (meanes,
And my moſt noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt Lord Marſhall, what ſay you to it?

Marſh. I well allow the occaſion of our armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How in our meanes we ſhould aduance our ſelues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puiſſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choiſe,
And our ſupplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The queſtion then Lord Haſtings ſtandeth thus,
Whether our preſent fiue and twentie thouſand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we ſhould not ſtep too far.

Biſh. Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-ſpurs cauſe at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himſelfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promiſe of ſupplie,
Flattring himſelfe in proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller then the ſmalleſt of his thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into deſtruction.

Haſt. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vſing the names of men in ſteed of men,
Like one that drawes the model of an houſe,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created coſt,
A naked ſubiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waſte for churliſh winters tyrannie.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be ſtil-borne, and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expectation,
I thinke we are ſo, body ſtrong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but fiue and twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To vs no more, nay not ſo much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuiſions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power againſt the French,
And one againſt Glendower, perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs, ſo is the vnfirme King
In three diuided, and his coffers ſound
With hollow pouertie and emptineſſe.

Biſh. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither,
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like ſhould leade his forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter and Weſtmerland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted againſt the French
I haue no certaine notice.

Biſh. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Times ſubiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

Enter Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.